

A city is a consensual metaphor.

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We sense the dead piled all around us.

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To search for happiness is painful; to have it, terrifying.

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He who forbends loves and hates lives long. So does a rock.

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The tallest building stands on the deepest debris.

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To define Love is to lose it; to love Love is to have it
always.

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You must be alive to know Death.

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Old-and-vain is as unseemly as young-and-arrogant.

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The nearer a man to sunset, the longer his shadow should
be.

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So enrapt of the question, you may never arrive at the
answer.

FINAL EXAM

I

Paraphrase Homer's simile on the generations of men
(Iliad, Bk. VI, 146-9):

A generation is a crowd of people fidgeting at a
stoplight. Though they all cross at the green,
the corner is never empty.

II

Select one:

A graveyard is

- a. a file-drawer for terminated human purposes.
- b. a museum where the living may contemplate
the dead.

- c. a museum where the dead may contemplate the living.
- d. God's mandible.
- (e.) the photograph you took without depth-of-field or near-focus.
- f. all of the above.

A possible definition of "soul" would be

- a. one vacuum enclosed by another.
- b. a manifestation of St. Elmo's fire.
- c. voltage from a non-rechargeable battery.
- d. the body's point of total symmetry.
- e. the lingering echo of the birth-cry.
- (f.) the dream whose memory fades by breakfast.

III

In a short composition develop the concept of "Humanity as Ants."

Humanity is a flock of ants eating a dead whale. When it is consumed, they will die; for they are now addicted to whale.

— Robert L. Smith

New York NY

WALKING

You start from a motionless position, both at the beginning of the day and at the beginning of the walk proper, which usually coincides with your rising from a chair or bench. Once upright, relax your thigh muscles, feel your body start to lean forward, jut the left leg forward with its knee and ankle bent, tense the front thigh and the calf muscles of the right leg and push off as your balance begins to shift, attain a stable position by placing the left leg on the ground before you, let your momentum catch up and begin to topple you forward again, swing the right leg forward to catch yourself: you've taken a step.

The oak looms up, branches pointed like a charging stag's. Rocks lunge at your feet. Buildings sprout in your path. And the earth is hurtling through space at eighteen miles per second. And space is expanding, thrusting out in all directions at once. To walk is to navigate into a hail-storm of objects that can crack toes, bark shins, crush bones to powder. Understandably, your advance is irregular, uneven, your front foot dropping as an anchor while your back foot propels itself forward. Your body bobs up